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A FINISHED LIFE.

AN ADDRESS

AT THE FUNERAL OF

MRS. MARY BELLOWS,

WIDOW OF JOSIAH BELLOWS,

WHO DIED JULY 31, 1869.

BY

REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS, D.D.,

MINISTER OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN NEW YORK.

With Other Notices of her Life.

CAMBRIDGE:

PRESS OF JOHN WILSON AND SON

1870.

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A D D R E S S.

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WE have had, for fifty years past, living on the heights of the two hills that overlook our village, two venerable persons of nearly equal age, and, in many respects, of similar character, towards whom the reverence and love of our people habitually turned as to the providential representatives of usefulness, moral worth, personal dignity, and simple, consistent piety. One of them, a righteous and holy man, Mr. Jacob N. Knapp, full of days and crowned with universal love and veneration, passed away just a year ago, at the age of ninety-five. The other, a pure and holy woman, at a still more advanced age, has just closed her weary eyes upon the familiar scenes of her protracted life; and we are now gathered about her dust to pay the last public tribute of our

affection and respect to all that is visibly left of her honored presence and useful and revered life.

Dating back nearly a century, to the time when this town was a frontier of the wilderness, and the cry of the savage had hardly ceased to echo from our hills; a contemporary of the first settler that founded our town; her childhood familiar with the rude beginnings of American civilization upon this portion of the Connecticut; a sharer in the anxieties, toils, and hopes of that laborious and trying era, — we contemplate, as we look upon her ashes, the dust of the last link that bound us to the beginning of our local history, connected us with the generation that started our life in this community, and handed over to us the personal traditions of our buried fathers and mothers. Older than the Republic, we look, in her face, on the last of those who were born subjects of a British king, and see comprehended in her nearly completed century of years the full story of our national life. These eyes, their lustre now gone, have seen our country born, nurtured into strength, carried through four wars — three of them for liberty — and become a great, if not the greatest, power among the nations of the earth. Older than any of the great institutions of popu-

lar education, the common school and the Sunday school; older than any of the great economic and mechanical discoveries of the age, — we bend over the remains of one who antedates the railroad and the steamship, the telegraph and labor-saving machinery of this century, and almost the use of wheel-vehicles upon the high roads of the land; whom no public conveyance could have carried a dozen miles out of her native village in her childhood, and who preceded the days of turnpikes and stage-coaches, which have themselves passed away in the region she lived to see united by the swiftest communications with all the capitals of the nation, and bound with lightning to all the centres of civilization on the globe. How amazing the span of her life! how incalculable in her childhood the horoscope of her experience! how miraculous the achievements she lived to participate in! how marvellous the growth of the civilization she survived to behold and enjoy! Can we call, except in God's sight, a human life short — a span and a vapor — which comprehends an experience so vast and varied, so wholly beyond anticipation and conjecture? Bring together the beginning and the end of her days. Compare what she saw around her, what she hoped and

expected, or could have hoped and expected, when she first began to observe and think and look forward, with what she actually saw in the last years of her long life, and what fairy tale or romance could offer a more striking and affecting contrast?

But, not to stretch our thoughts beyond the very scene of her native village and the prospect of this beautiful hill, on which her whole life was spent, what a variety of lives and deaths, what a multitude of fortunes and misfortunes, have come within the scope of her personal observation, her protracted experience! All the hearts that have ever beaten in this valley and township have, at one time and another, with insignificant exceptions, beaten in her presence. Men and women, long buried and forgotten, and their ashes long since returned to their native soil, were her active contemporaries. The grandparents we try to recall in their withered age, she knew in their prime; all the promising youth whose early blight left only a fragrant memory behind, she saw born and pass away. The busy, honored citizens — a dim memory to us — who once controlled and inspired the life of this place, she knew and felt in their immediate influence and living presence. She began

before *our* past had become an object of interest and memory ; and all that *we* try to revive by poring and curious investigations, she was a portion of, and saw in actual occurrence. She seems almost a part of the Providence that watches the generations come and go, as we contemplate her long, unchanged serenity and fixedness of existence, and think of all that came and lived and died, and gave place to others who came and lived and died, and made up the successive eras of this now, to us, old and traditional community.

Is there one among us who does not affectingly remember that she knew our parents and grandparents, and great-grandparents, and saw the weddings and baptisms and funerals of all those who were nearest and dearest to us ? It is enough to thrill my own heart with a strange emotion only to reflect that she knew my own mother, whom I never knew myself ; and what would I not have been willing to give for one look through those eyes, before they lost their cunning, into that shadowy face, the object of so much vain, straining remembrance, but which she could recall in living freshness and reality ! Can we consider, without emotion, that she knew, face to face, the founder of this town and the large family that

bore his honored name, and which she herself wore worthily for three generations; all his sons and daughters, so long pillars of this community; all the successive ministers of the town who have taught its faith and piety; the venerable physicians, who have watched by its bedsides; the brilliant lawyers and noted men who have left a traditional glory behind them, — Joseph Denny and Jeremiah Mason and Roger Vose, Fessenden and Dickinson, Holland and Morse, Allen and Stone and Grant, and many others?

But it is not merely as a link binding us to the past, or even as a circle enclosing the whole history of the past, that we ought to value her memory or to hang affectionately over her ashes. It is the fidelity and completeness of her own life and character that best deserve our grateful contemplation. Here are the wasted, withered remains of what, for almost a century, was successively a good daughter and sister; a faithful and devoted wife; a skilful, industrious, and unwearied mother and housekeeper; a considerate neighbor; an active servant of all town charities and social duties; a hospitable, friendly heart; a wise and sound adviser; a supporter by example and service of all our higher interests; a woman of a

dignified and unrepachable life, extended to an extreme length, but never falling below its own promise, never losing its early direction of probity and self-respect, of virtue and usefulness; and, above all, of humble piety and prayer. What has not such a life communicated of blessedness, instruction, and example to her numerous children and descendants? How wide the scope of such a career in its domestic and social influence!

Living to bury all but one of her own children, spared to watch her expiring lamp, — to see even many of her grandchildren die in maturity, — through what sorrow has not a simple, earnest faith borne her triumphantly; through what watchings, cares, and solitudes must not one, so widely related, have passed! and what but a noble ambition of duty, a living piety, could have carried her serenely through it all? And has she not been a pattern of all the domestic virtues and graces? With a constitutional pride of character and duty, an inborn industry and thrift, a feeling of competency for all her cares, she has been an example of a true New-England woman; strong, patient, industrious; domestic, self-respectful, bearing her own burdens with dignity and those of others with patience; erect in will and purpose as

in person ; her mental and moral faculties even clearer than her senses, not one of which really failed her to the last. For, until within a very few years, she has been a housekeeper and the centre of her scattered family, so often returning to her own roof. Up to five or ten years ago who was more regularly seen in her seat at church, morning and evening? How little leaning, dependence, or weakness showed itself in her erect, self-sustained, dignified carriage and conduct? What composure, self-respect, and solidity characterized her speech and her deportment ; what terseness and good sense, and aptness of thought and expression ; how living her memory, how wide her circumspection, how manifold her thoughtfulness ! And how central—deeper than judgment, more marked than ceaseless industry, more unchanging than her pride of usefulness and character—her unfeigned, undogmatic, unobtrusive piety ? Her faith was serene, constant, all-pervading, and kept her cheerful, faithful, and trustful to the last. She loved completeness, and was negligent of no duty. She wasted no moment of her time, no particle of her strength. Always at work or reading or being read to, her powers never slumbered, her faculties never dulled, and her interest in life con-

timed until the very elements of existence gave out. Even on her death-bed her fingers kept up the motion of knitting, as if too much disciplined to industry and usefulness to be able to sink even in death into voluntary idleness and repose.

A more spotless, unblamable, and virtuous career it is impossible to contemplate, and hard to conceive a private life of more wholesome usefulness and fidelity.

What a memory for the immediate and remoter descendants of such an ancestress! what a treasure for the recollection of the church of which she was so long the most aged member, and of the community in which she was the most venerable representative of her sex!

And now we rejoice with her in the great reward to which she has ascended. She has gone to friends more numerous and older than we can recall, to associations whose birth antedate our recollections. What a renewal of a youth so long left behind her! what a treasure of works and labors and cares, faithfully done and borne, her long and honored life carries into heaven! With what modest confidence may she not meet the Master she has served, the Saviour on whose invisible support she has leaned for three gener-

ations! with what composure and joy look into the face of the Almighty Father, whose child for a century of earthly existence she has striven, so successfully we all think, to prove herself! Life's cares and the body's weariness are over for her! more of her friends and companions have preceded her than remain to lament her! she has joined the blessed company of the saints in light, and found among them, we trust, troops of old friends of her life's long journey! May God bless to us a passing on so blessed to her, and turn all our hearts and minds towards the imitation of what was Christ-like in her example, so that in the end we may "die the death of the righteous, and our last end be like his."

N O T I C E S.

COLONEL BENJAMIN BELLOWS, the founder of Walpole, N.H., was born May 26, 1712, the first child of his father, the fourth of his mother. He married Oct. 7, 1735, Abigail Stearns, and moved with her and their five children to Walpole in 1753. She died Nov. 8, 1757; and Colonel Bellows married in April, 1758, the widow Jennison, whose maiden name was Mary Hubbard. By her he had also five children, of whom the youngest, Josiah Bellows (1), was born Oct. 31, 1767, died June 15, 1846. He married, early in 1788, Rebecca Sparhawk, daughter of Mr. Thomas Sparhawk, who had removed to Walpole from what is now Brighton, Mass., with three children, before 1773. By her he had three children, Josiah, Rebecca, and Louisa. She died in September, 1791, and on the 28th of October, 1792, he married her sister, Mary Sparhawk (2), who was born Sept. 30, 1773, died July 31, 1869, aged near 96. To her memory this pamphlet is dedicated. The fruit of this marriage is as follows:—

1. CHILDREN:

THOMAS SPARHAWK (3), born Sept. 28, 1791; died Oct. 27, 1821.

MARY (1), born Jan. 20, 1798; married to Benjamin B. Grant, Jan. 23, 1821. Benjamin B. Grant was born April 23, 1796; died January 17, 1870.

ELLEN (5), born Jan. 29, 1805 ; died May 12, 1859. She was married, Nov. 4, 1828, to Gill Wheelock (born Feb. 7, 1790 ; died April 22, 1812) ; and again May 15, 1811, to Jonathan Howe, born Sept. 2, 1813. Mr. Howe married, Nov. 6, 1862, Elizabeth Robie Sterns, who died Feb. 16, 1861. Their son, Robie Sterns Howe, was born Feb. 11, 1861.

EDWARD (6), born Oct. 30, 1806 ; drowned May 13, 1809.

WILLIAM (7), born June 29, 1808 ; died May 7, 1862. He married June 9, 1836, Sarah Giles, born July 8, 1813.

JULIA REBECCA (8), born May 23, 1812 ; died Feb. 21, 1810. She was married June 9, 1836, to Robert Barnett (born Sept. 9, 1801 ; died Jan. 13, 1865). Mr. Barnett married May 22, 1819, Abby L. Heath, born Aug. 2, 1811.

CATHARINE WALLEY (9), born July 1, 1815 ; died June 21, 1818. She was married June 9, 1836, to Henry Adams Bellows (born Oct. 25, 1803).

ANNE FOSTER (10), born Oct. 25, 1817 ; died March 19, 1861. She was married Nov. 27, 1815, to Thomas Hill (born Jan. 7, 1818). Mr. Hill married July 23, 1866, Lucy Elizabeth Shepard (born Sept. 27, 1837 ; died Feb. 9, 1869). Their son, Otis Shepard, was born Dec. 28, 1868.

2. GRANDCHILDREN. The children of the above are, of—

MARY (1), *Edward Bellows* (11) Grant, born Jan. 3, 1822 ; married Sept. 15, 1846, Maria Louisa Wellington Mead (born April 11, 1826).

Benjamin Bellows (12) Grant, born Oct. 8, 1821 ; married April 1, 1861, Emily Goodall (born April 29, 1813).

ELLEN (5), *Mary Ellen* (13) Wheelock, born Oct. 10, 1829 ; married, Sept. 25, 1851, to Nathan Chandler (born Feb. 1, 1812).

Henry Gassett (14) Wheelock, born June 22, 1835 ; married May 9, 1861, Harriet Stillman Hayward Dorr (born Feb. 4, 1839).

George Gill (15) Wheelock, born Nov. 24, 1838 ; married June 3, 1868, Madge H. Robertson (born May 6, 1840).

WILLIAM (7), *William Hunt* (16) Bellows, born July 1, 1837.

Edward Warren (17) Bellows, born April 16, 1842.

JULIA (8), *Mary Elizabeth* (18) Barnett, born April 2, 1837.

CATHARINE (9), *Josiah* (19) Bellows, born June 5, 1837; married, December 25, 1868, Helen A. Brown.

Stella Louisa (20) Bellows, born Oct. 8, 1839; died Sept. 9, 1869. She was married, May 26, 1862, to Charles Prescott Sanborn (born September 12, 1831).

Frances Anne (21) Bellows, born Nov. 15, 1811.

Henry Adams (22) Bellows, born Sept. 29, 1813; died March 17, 1848.

John Adams (23) Bellows, born May 27, 1848.

ANNE (10), *Mary Bellows* (24) Hill, born Sept. 19, 1846.

Henry Barker (25) Hill, born April 27, 1849.

Katharine (26) Hill, born May 12, 1851.

Elizabeth Joy (27) Hill, born Jan. 28, 1851.

Anne Bellows (28) Hill, born Sept. 29, 1857.

Thomas Roby (29) Hill, born Feb. 22, 1861.

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3. GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN. The children of the above are, of—

E. B. GRANT (11), *Mary Bellows* (30) Grant, born July 30, 1817.

Elizabeth Loring (31) Grant, born Aug. 19, 1851.

Henry Mead (32) Grant, born Jan. 18, 1856; died Nov. 25, 1856.

Edith (33) Grant, born Jan. 25, 1863.

Lincoln (34) Grant, born April 15, 1865.

B. B. GRANT (12), *Mary Emmet Victoria* (35) Grant, born Feb. 5, 1862.

Elizabeth Bellows (36) Grant, born July 5, 1866.

M. E. CHANDLER (13), *Henry Howe* (37) Chandler, born May 3, 1853; died June 11, 1862.

Ellen Bellows (38) Chandler, born Dec. 12, 1856.

H. G. WHELOCK (14), *George Goldthwaite* (39) Wheelock, born Sept. 10, 1861.

Elinor Bellows (40) Wheelock, born Nov. 23, 1865.

S. L. SANBORN (20), *Henry Bellows* (41) Sanborn, born Nov. 28, 1863.

Sarah Katharine (12) Sanborn, born July 31, 1866.

It thus appears that Mrs. Mary Bellows had, at the time of her death, July 31, 1869, buried seven of her eight children; had had nineteen grandchildren, of whom one had died; and thirteen great-grandchildren, of whom two had died; of her five sons-in-law, two had gone before her, as had also two wives of sons-in-law.

But the descendants of her sister Rebecca—being her step-children—also looked up to her as their ancestor.

These descendants were, — see p. 13, —

1. CHILDREN:

JOSIAH (13), born Nov. 25, 1788; died Jan. 13, 1812. He married Nov. 25, 1813, Stella Czarina Bradley (born March, 1796; died Dec. 13, 1833). Col. Bellows married Nov., 1810, the widow Hosmer, whose maiden name was Mary Anne Grahme. By her first husband her children were, — Alfred, born Sept. 11, 1832; Elbridge, born Nov. 5, 1834, died Dec. 21, 1868; Mary Anne, born Jan. 27, 1836, died Nov. 29, 1838.

REBECCA (14), born March, 1790, died April, 1790.

LOUISA (45), born July 17, 1791. She was married June 24, 1824, to John White Hayward (born March 8, 1785; died Dec. 30, 1832).

2. GRANDCHILDREN. Of the above the children are, of—

JOSIAH (43), *Stella Louisa* (16) Bellows, born Oct. 7, 1811; died May, 1839.

Sarah Abiline (47) Bellows, born April 13, 1818; died Aug. 1837.

Rebecca Gratia (48) Bellows, born Jan. 1, 1820; died April, 1835.

Stephen Rowe (49) Bellows, born Oct. 17, 1822; died March 17, 1844. He married Aug. 8, 1843, Sarah

King Hale (born Jan. 1822), who in 1818 married Henry Hibbard.

Josiah Grahme (50) Bellows, born July 24, 1811; married June 26, 1866, Anne Morrill (born March 7, 1813; died April 7, 1867).

LOUISA (45), *Louisa Bellows* (51) Hayward, born Jan. 22, 1826; married Feb. 12, 1861, to Charles Taylor Canfield (born April 15, 1823).

John White (52) Hayward, born July 5, 1828, married June 2, 1851, Esther Crafts Morse (born March 17, 1830).

Waldo Flint (53) Hayward, born Dec. 26, 1831.

3. GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN. The descendants in the next generation are, of —

J. G. BILLOWS (50), *Mary Grahme* (51) Bellows, born March 29, 1867; died March 29, 1867.

Anne Morrill (55) Bellows, born March 29, 1867; died May 2, 1867.

L. B. CANFIELD (51), *Grace Rebecca* (56) Canfield, born Nov. 15, 1861.

Alice Louisa (57), born Nov. 1, 1864.

Mary Gardner (59), born July 18, 1866; died Oct. 18, 1866.

Charles Hayward (59), born July 1, 1869; died July, 1869.

J. W. HAYWARD (52), *Frank Morse* (60), born Feb. 28, 1856.

Louisa Bellows (61), born June 19, 1864.

John White (62), born April 3, 1867.

Thus, at the time of Mrs. Bellows's death, a son, a son-in-law, a daughter-in-law, four grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren had preceded her, while a daughter, four grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren survive her, among these step-descendants, as near and dear to her as her own.

Dr. Bellows alludes to Mrs. Bellows as his kinswoman. Dr. Bellows's grandfather was a step-brother of Josiah Bellows (1). Mrs. Bellows's father at first taught school in Walpole, and was afterward Judge of Probate. Her earliest remembrance of her future husband was that of seeing him punished for having spoken of her father without the prefix Mr. He begged forgiveness, and promised "never to say clear Sparhawk again."

Until about her sixty-fifth year Mrs. Bellows's health was not very firm; and the burden of so large a family of children, and of farm and house laborers, was oftentimes almost too much for the weak frame to bear. But she was of unconquerable spirit, and drew daily fresh supplies of strength from the never-failing fountain opened in the gospel. Brought up in the darkness of Calvinism, she worked her way painfully out to the light and liberty of the gospel; and prized the promises of Jesus, and the aids of the Spirit, and the privilege of communing with the Father, only more and more as the years rolled on. Her faith drew on infinite resources, and sustained her, both in labors, and in sorrows and trials, until the end. She loved dearly the church and its services, and was a sweet singer, able to carry her part, and to sound *C in alto* pure and clear, until over threescore and ten. She, or her son William, or some one of her daughters, Ellen, Julia, or Anne, sang in the choir, or played the organ, or did both, every Sunday during thirty-five consecutive years.

Her husband's death was terribly sudden. She was visiting at my house when we received one evening a pencil note, without signature, written on a crumpled scrap of paper, saying that Mr. B. had hurt himself badly by falling from a wagon. We took the next morning's train to Fitchburg,

and stages thence to Walpole ; but learned, as we passed through Keene, that the injury had already proved fatal. She bore it with the most trusting submission to the Father's love ; and then for years went on keeping house by herself, sitting alone at her table, except when she welcomed with old hospitality her children and grandchildren or other friends. That was no stoical insensibility which enabled her to begin instantly, upon her husband's decease, this lonely life, and keep it up for years without injury to herself. It was the fulness of her love, and her constant sense of the divine mercy, and her steadfast endeavor, for so many years before, to mould each hour's life by reference to "the will of God in Christ Jesus," that had inwrought this sunny cheerfulness into a heart that was by nature and early theological training more disposed to sombre views of life.

Steadfast adherence to the right is undoubted proof, not only of a strong will, and of a good heart, but of a clear intellect also ; seeing the right in order to follow it. Unswerving fidelity in righteousness, carried through a long series of years, is indeed the strongest possible evidence of true greatness ; showing an intellect capable of perceiving the truths of morality and religion, which are the highest truths ; a heart loving goodness and loving God, which are the purest, holiest loves ; a will capable of mastering itself and ruling the whole nature according to law, which is the most difficult of human achievements. This is the victory that overcometh the world. She that doeth good is of God, and is a partaker in the divine nature and divine glory.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER BY REV WILLIAM SILSGEE.

TRENTON, N Y., JAN. 7, 1870.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I think that some of the best influences we have enjoyed of saintly characters are those which we cannot analyze or describe. At least so I find it to be with myself, in any attempt to express what I owe to this excellent woman. It is not very discriminating to utter one's self only in superlatives; and one is not supposed to have known another truly, until the "limitations" of that other have been found. Yet I am not willing to acknowledge that I did not know our venerable friend, even though it should be difficult for me to point out any but excellences in her character. I think that the first thing about her that impressed me decidedly, was a certain peculiar *dignity* of bearing, which arose from a real dignity of soul. It was farthest possible from any thing like pomposity or affectation. Not imposing in bodily presence, she had what was much more impressive, — a blended strength and refinement of character, which would instinctively repel all undue freedom, while it never discouraged the intimacies of real friendship. Living in a community where every thing that seemed aristocratic pretension was peculiarly offensive, I think she was not insensible to the claims of a true aristocracy; nor do I believe she would ever seek to abate those claims, from any vulgar desire to become popular. Yet I suppose she was popular in the best sense. For her dignity was tempered by such genuine humility, and such quick sympathies, and such boundless charity, that she could not but win all hearts that were not hardened indeed. Moreover her affections were too much set upon heavenly things, to value much mere external distinctions. Her piety — if one may judge of so hidden a thing from outward evidences — was fervent, constant, and intelligent. She "knew in whom she believed," and her many cares and sorrows had been patiently and cheerfully borne, through the power of that faith. I am sure *she* found in Unitarian Christianity no lack of motives and inducements to sincere piety. She believed in *going to church*, and would not let any ordinary obstacle bar her way thither. I shall always remember,

as an instance in proof, that when I had occasion to preach in Walpole, some ten years ago, she was one of the "few faithful" attendants at church, both morning and afternoon, — though the thermometer was not far from thirty below zero, and though her advanced age might well be supposed to excuse her from such exposure. But I find it utterly in vain to tell the half of what I knew of her. It seems almost like profanation for me to try and make out a "character," that shall express her to whom I owe so much love and gratitude.

Yours very truly and fraternally,

WILLIAM SILSBEE.

PART OF A LETTER BY REV. W. P. TILDEN.

WHITFIELD, N.H., Aug. 15, 1869.

MY DEAR DR. BELLOWS, — I have been here among the mountains for two or three weeks, and had heard nothing of the death of "Aunt Si," until I saw in the "Liberal Christian" this morning your address at her funeral. She was a dear, good woman. How fortunate that you were there, to speak the word that nobody else could speak so well, when friends gathered to pay the last tribute of love and faith! She was a true mother in Israel. How dearly she loved that little chapel of prayer and praise! What a true friend of the minister she was, — how sympathizing, how tender, how loving! She was not great, intellectually, like the grand old man on the opposite hill, but she was great in sympathetic tenderness, great in the closing strain of the angel song, "Good-will towards men." She loved everybody, she had the sincere charity that "thinketh no evil." How careful she always was of others' feelings; how lenient in her judgment of their faults! Yet she had a mind of her own, and was free to express it, with modest firmness. She was anti-slavery to the very core. Her interest in the great struggle for national freedom was wonderfully deep and earnest for a woman of her years. All along through the early stages of the "irrepressible conflict," she kept posted like a politician. It was a real comfort to me, while in

Walpole, to have her cordial support in views which, in those days, were any thing but popular. Dear and faithful and venerable, peace-loving, truth-loving, God-loving, and man-loving mother in Israel! peace to thy risen spirit, and thanks to God for thy beautiful life.

FROM A LETTER OF REV. FREDERICK NEWMAN KNAPP.

PLYMOUTH, MASS., August 8, 1869.

MY DEAR HILL, — I am sorry that I could not have been at Walpole last week, at the funeral of Aunt Si. I am glad that you were able to be there; you knew her so well, and appreciated so fully just those qualities which marked her character. My strong association with her is twofold. First, I think of her as the neighbor of my father for so many years; separated from him in age by a few weeks only. And, secondly, I think of her as I used occasionally, during the war, to see her or hear of her, working so devotedly, and speaking always so strongly, for the soldiers, in spite of the weighty fact that she had not in this matter the sympathy of some of those she was nearest to.

It was of her devotion, and that of other very aged women like her among our acquaintance at Walpole, that I used to tell the wounded soldiers in the hospitals, and elsewhere, when I was carrying them relief or distributing these home-comforts to them. And you have no idea of the cheering, and really invigorating effect upon the men, of the thought that these old people, away North, eighty-five, and ninety, and ninety-five years of age (whose other extreme of life actually touched on the American Revolution), were working day and night, with dimmed eye and bent form, for the sake of doing just a little something at least, before they should die, for the soldiers in the field.

You have no idea how sensitive those sun-burned and fighting-men were to just such appeals. The pains-taking, slowly accomplished labor of fingers that had already done the work of four-score years, told for a great deal with these soldiers. I suppose these men were touched, not only by the love and kindness of the act itself, but that, with their own sense of vigor of muscle, they

felt a tender sympathy with those persons who, in the feebleness of old age, but with hearts all aglow, could only sit at home, and with silent needle help fight the battles; into which battles, did God only allow them — had it been still theirs to offer — they would so gladly have given youth and life.

There is always something peculiarly moving in seeing persons who have known what it was out of their own calm strength to do with ease an efficient and large work, at length reduced to weakness of body, while the desire to labor and to bless others is still as earnest and fresh as ever. They use all the hours of a whole week (the work laid aside each night till the last one of the six, unfinished) to accomplish some little thing, which, in times of vigor, could have been turned off with ease in a half day. And yet the spirit is not impatient, — it is willing to accept the conditions.

The soldiers, I noticed, far away from their homes, were alive to such appeals as this, in a measure that you would hardly imagine. The impulse and purpose of the strong men were quickened thereby, and the wounded were sooner in the field again.

These are the thoughts that come to me as I remember the four years of kindly labor of that aged woman during the war, and how, after her ninetieth year, she still kept working on, in her quiet way.

Seldom did I meet any one whose interest in the great struggle, or whose condemnation of the crime of treason, was more unqualified. In those days, as I went among the soldiers, and watched the armies at the front, eager to be led on to victory, I used to feel like thanking God not only for the strength that was there manifest, carrying bayonet and sword, but likewise for all those unseen powers which, by silent influence in the far-off homes, were keeping alive those soldiers' hearts and invigorating their patriotism. And not small among these influences did I reckon just such patient, unostentatious, kindly, intelligent sympathy as was exhibited in its quiet way by the good woman whose funeral you attended last week. . . .

Your friend truly,

FREDERICK N. KNAPP.

